THE UNCANNY INHUMANS™

#1 NOW

#15
SOULE
SILVA
DI BENEDETTO
TARTAGLIA

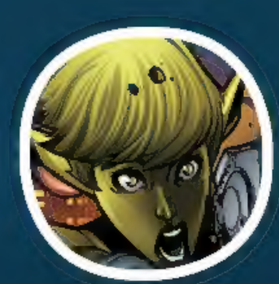
MARVEL

Thousands of years ago aliens experimented on cavemen, supercharging their evolution, and then mysteriously left their experiments behind. These men and women built the city of Attilan and discovered a chemical called Terrigen that unlocked secret super-powers in their modified DNA, making them...

THE UNCANNY INHUMANS

FRANK McGEE

IRELLE


AURAN

TRESTE

READER

Some time ago, Black Bolt, the Inhuman king, detonated a bomb in the heart of the floating city Attilan. The city fell and great clouds of Terrigen Mist were released into Earth's atmosphere, transforming many who had no idea they were secretly Inhuman.

In the wake of Attilan's destruction, many Inhumans went missing, including Black Bolt. Queen Medusa enlisted Inhuman investigator Auran and her partner, Frank McGee, a former New York City cop, to find the king and bring him home.

The duo was successful in finding Black Bolt, but the second part of their mission proved more difficult, and Auran was fatally injured. Since then, Frank has done his best to be a friend and surrogate father to his partner's daughters...

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"I, *UH*, I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT YOU WANT ME TO SAY, GIRLS.
"I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR MOTHER ALL THAT LONG."
"WE KNOW, FRANK, BUT YOU WERE THERE AT THE END. YOU WERE THE LAST PERSON TO SPEAK TO HER. THAT'S *IMPORTANT*."
"I JUST...I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU WANT TO HEAR THIS STUFF."
"BECAUSE SHE WAS OUR *MOTHER*."
"I...OKAY. ALL RIGHT. BUT I'M NOT REALLY SURE WHERE TO BEGIN."
"TELL US WHAT YOU THOUGHT ABOUT HER. TELL US WHO SHE WAS TO *YOU*."
"WELL...FROM THE FIRST MINUTE I SAW HER UNTIL THE END, ONE THING WAS OBVIOUS:
"*AURAN* WAS ONE HELL OF A COP.

NEW ATTILAN.
SOME TIME AGO.

"I THINK THAT'S WHY WE LIKED EACH OTHER, RIGHT FROM THE START."

"YOU...*LIKED* EACH OTHER?"

"GOD, NOT LIKE *THAT*, TRESTE.

"I THINK WE JUST RECOGNIZED SOMETHING IN EACH OTHER, FROM *THE JOB.*

"SHE WORKED IT IN ATTILAN, I WORKED IT IN MANHATTAN, AND EVEN THOUGH WE HADN'T SEEN *EXACTLY* THE SAME THINGS...

"ANYWAY, WE PARTNERED UP. SHE TOOK ME UNDER HER WING, SHOWED ME HOW THINGS WORKED AROUND HERE. HELPED ME THINK OF WAYS TO USE MY NEW POWER.
"SHE EVEN PICKED THAT DAMN INHUMAN NAME FOR ME."
"YES. NUR. IT MEANS LIGHT. IT'S LOVELY, FRANK. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE SO OPPOSED TO IT."
"WELL, YOU SAID IT RIGHT THERE-- IT'S LOVELY. I AM MANY THINGS, IRELLE, BUT LOVELY I AIN'T.
"SO...IT WAS ALL GOOD FOR A WHILE. BUSTING HEADS, SOLVING CASES. BROKE UP A BIG FAKE TERRIGEN RING. WE GOT INTO A RHYTHM, DID SOME SOLID POLICE WORK.
"AND THEN WE CAUGHT A CASE. FROM QUEEN MEDUSA HERSELF.
"HER HUSBAND, BLACK BOLT, WAS MISSING, AND SHE WANTED HIM FOUND. PRETTY INTENSE. LOTS OF PRESSURE. LIKE THE MAYOR CALLING YOU UP PERSONALLY.
"YOUR MOM, THOUGH, SHE DIDN'T BLINK. WE WENT OUT, STARTED INVESTIGATING, AND I'LL TELL YOU, SHE CRACKED THE WHOLE THING. I WAS JUST ALONG FOR THE RIDE.
"SHE HAD THAT POWER--SHE COULD HEAR THINGS. SHE COULD FOCUS ON ONE WORD, ONE NAME, AND KNOW WHERE IT WAS BEING SAID ANYWHERE ON EARTH.
"DAMN HANDY TRICK FOR A DETECTIVE.
"SHE FIGURED OUT THAT PRINCE MAXIMUS WAS BEHIND THE WHOLE THING. HE'D KIDNAPPED BLACK BOLT, HIS OWN BROTHER, USED HIS MIND CONTROL POWERS ON HIM...
"STILL DON'T REALLY KNOW WHY HE DID IT. THAT GUY'S... OFF. HE'S JUST OFF.
"SO WE FOUND THEM, CONFRONTED MAXIMUS, AND...
"...AND...

"...IT WENT BAD.

"MAXIMUS HAD BLACK BOLT *SPEAK.* HE JUST SAID ONE WORD...*'HELLO!'*... AND IT BLEW OUT THE WHOLE SIDE OF THE BUILDING.

"THAT'S HOW YOUR MOTHER DIED. SHE KNEW WHAT WAS COMING, AND GOT IN FRONT OF IT, GOT BETWEEN ME AND THE BLAST.

"THAT'S WHY SHE'S GONE, AND...I'M NOT.

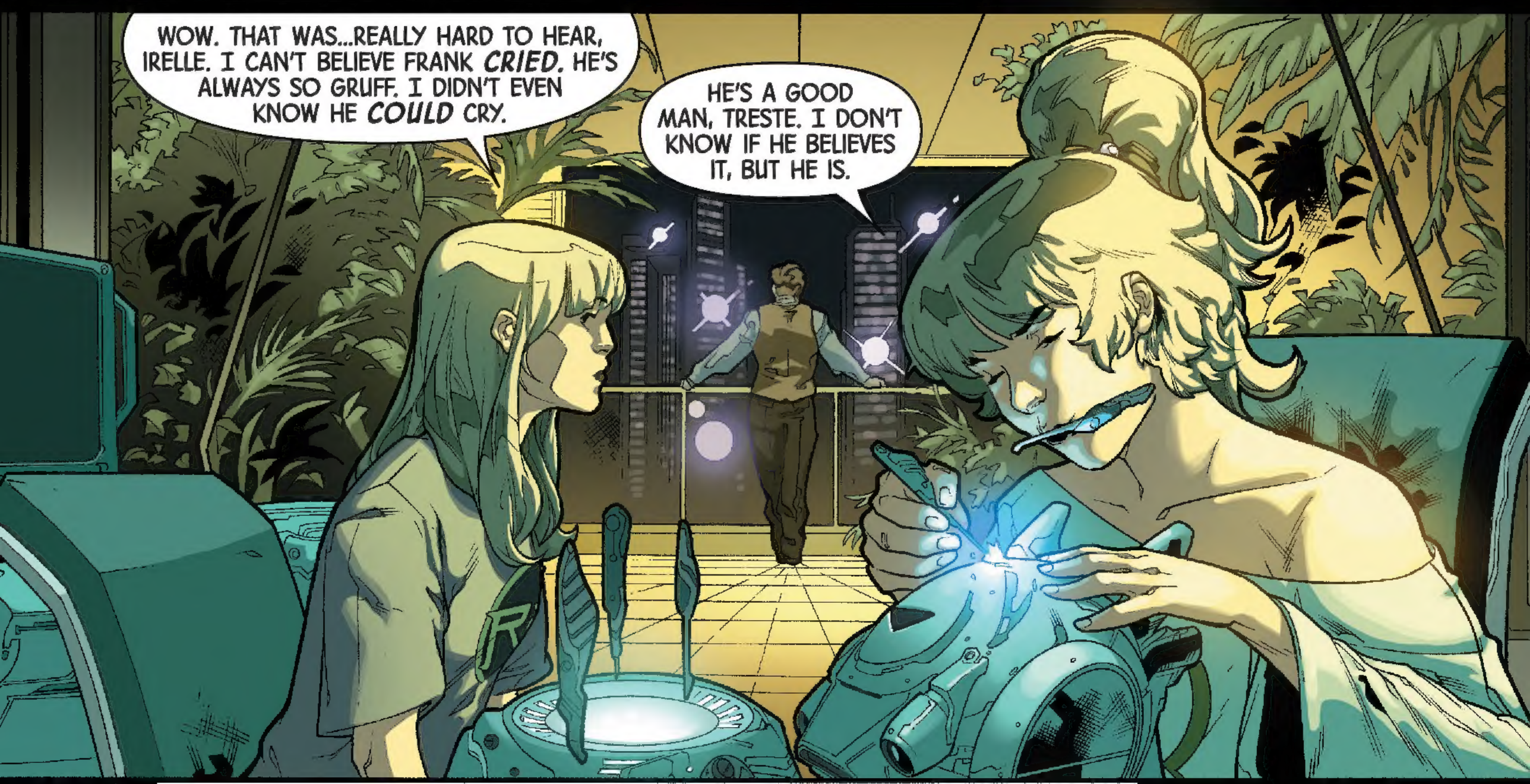
"SHE SAID ONE LAST WORD, TOO."

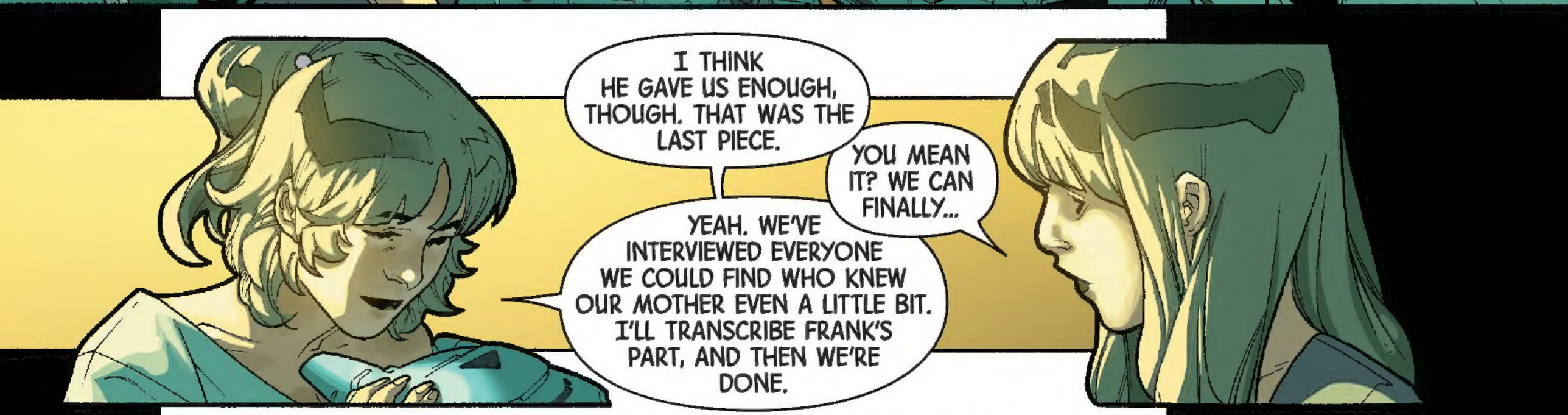
SAVE--

"*SAVE.* AT THE TIME, I THOUGHT SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT BLACK BOLT. IT MADE SENSE. SAVE THE KING FROM HIS ASS OF A BROTHER. DO THE JOB."

BUT SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT YOU. HER DAUGHTERS. SHE WANTED ME TO WATCH OVER YOU.

I'VE TRIED TO DO THAT EVER SINCE. I KNOW I'M NOT *HER*...I'M NOT ANY GOOD WITH...WITH...


WOW. THAT WAS...REALLY HARD TO HEAR, IRELLE. I CAN'T BELIEVE FRANK *CRIED*. HE'S ALWAYS SO GRUFF. I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE *COULD* CRY.
HE'S A GOOD MAN, TRESTE. I DON'T KNOW IF HE BELIEVES IT, BUT HE IS.


I THINK HE GAVE US ENOUGH, THOUGH. THAT WAS THE LAST PIECE.
YOU MEAN IT? WE CAN FINALLY...
YEAH. WE'VE INTERVIEWED EVERYONE WE COULD FIND WHO KNEW OUR MOTHER EVEN A LITTLE BIT. I'LL TRANSCRIBE FRANK'S PART, AND THEN WE'RE DONE.

NOT *DONE*. WE STILL HAVE TO CONVINCE READER TO HELP.
WELL, THAT'S *YOUR* JOB.
YEAH. SPEAKING OF WHICH, WE SHOULD PROBABLY CHANGE. THESE OUTFITS WON'T WORK AT ALL.
Rock

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? FOR *READER?* HE'S BLIND, TRESTE! HE WON'T CARE ABOUT OUR CLOTHES.
NOT FOR READER. FOR THE *PLACE*. THE BOUNCER WON'T EVEN LET US IN UNLESS WE LOOK THE PART.
WHAT? WHERE IS HE?
OH, COME ON, IRELLE...

"...HE'S WHERE HE *ALWAYS* IS."

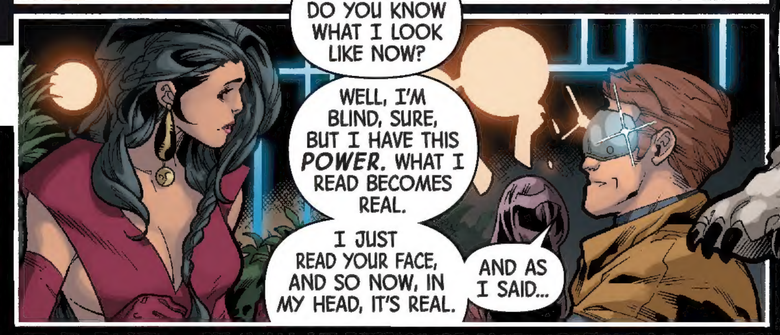
OKAY. STAND STILL.

I *AM*, READER!

I MEAN WITH YOUR *FACE*, ANNE. MAKE YOUR FACE STAND STILL. DON'T TALK, EVEN.

YOU DON'T WANT ME TO GET A BAD READ.

QUIET ROOM

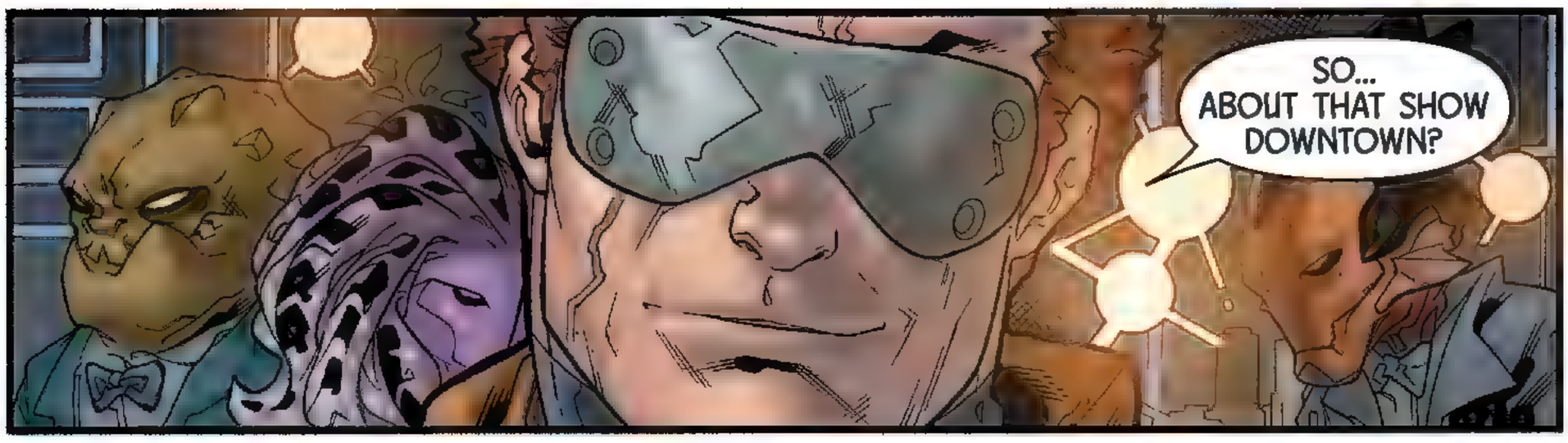


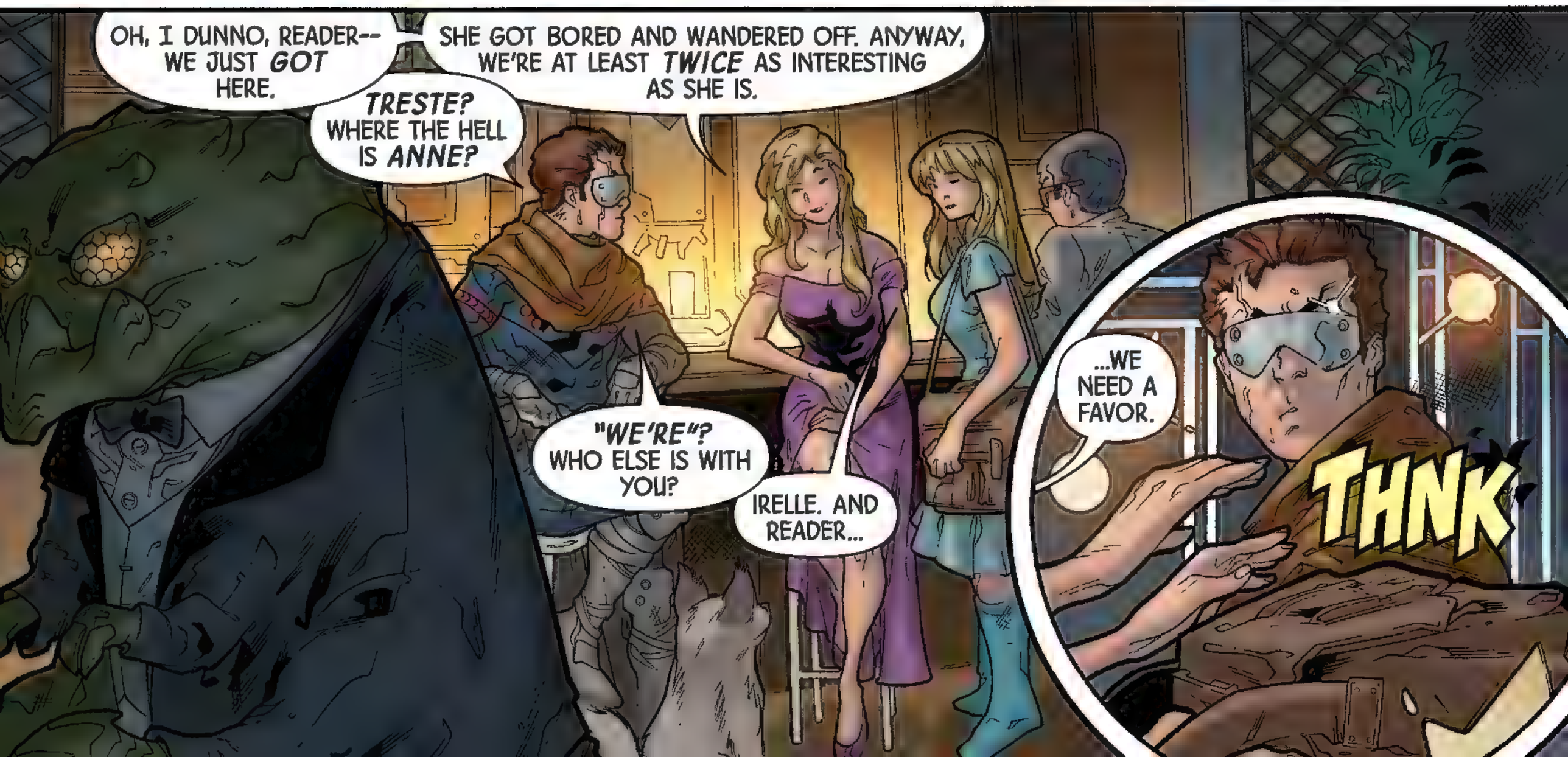
WHAT THE HELL, FLAGMAN? YOU REALLY GOTTA WORK ON YOUR *TIMING.*
I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT SOMETHING'S GOING ON, AND WITH BLACK BOLT OFF ON ONE OF HIS EXPEDITIONS, I WAS HOPING YOU COULD HELP ME OUT.
WHAT *KIND* OF SOMETHING IS GOING ON?
IT'S THOSE *SHI'AR.* I GUESS THEY CAME HERE TO WORK OUT SOME INTERNAL DISPUTE... BUT YOU CAN SEE HOW WELL *THAT'S* GOING.
I JUST NEED YOU TO COOL THINGS DOWN, BEFORE THEY START TO KILL EACH OTHER AND DRIVE OFF ALL MY CUSTOMERS. PLEASE?
HMM. YOU KNOW I DON'T ACTUALLY *WORK* HERE, RIGHT?
YES, BUT YOU CERTAINLY DO *DRINK* HERE. SPEAKING OF WHICH, WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU PAID YOUR *TAB?*
HUH. YOU RAISE AN EXCELLENT POINT. PERHAPS WE CAN HELP *EACH OTHER.*
YOU *DARE?*
I *DO!*
NNNGH.
FINE. HANDLE THIS FOR ME AND YOUR TAB IS CLEARED. JUST DON'T *BREAK* ANYTHING!

HEY, GUYS. HOW ABOUT YOU ALL RELAX A LITTLE? LET THE CLUB BUY YOU A ROUND.
STEP AWAY, LITTLE MAN. WE DISCUSS MATTERS OF *EMPIRE*, AND WE WILL DISCUSS THEM AS WE *PLEASE*.
OKAY, FINE, WE CAN GO THAT WAY, TOO.
NOW, FIRST OF ALL, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT EVEN THOUGH I *ABSOLUTELY COULD*, I'M NOT GOING TO BEAT YOU UP. I DON'T NEED TO.
EXCUSE ME?!
HERE. LET ME SHOW YOU WHY.
WHAT ARE *THESE* SUPPOSED TO BE?
WORDS. MY NAME'S READER, AND THESE ARE MY VERY BEST FRIENDS.
I'M INHUMAN, AND MY PARTICULAR POWER IS THAT ANYTHING I READ BECOMES REAL.
THINK ABOUT THAT FOR A SECOND. *ANYTHING I READ.*
AND THEN THINK ABOUT THE FACT THAT I MAKE MY LIVING BY *HUNTING* THINGS... BIGGER AND BADDER THINGS THAN A FEW STUFFED-SHIRT SHI'AR.
I DO ALL THAT WITH NOTHING MORE THAN MY LITTLE FRIENDS HERE. SORT OF MAKES YOU WONDER WHAT THEY SAY, HUH?
HERE. LET'S SEE. I'LL JUST PICK ONE...

NO!
NO. THAT'S, *AH*, FINE. WE'LL SIT DOWN.
GLAD TO HEAR IT. I'LL HAVE THEM SEND OVER A WAITER, GET YOU GUYS THAT DRINK.

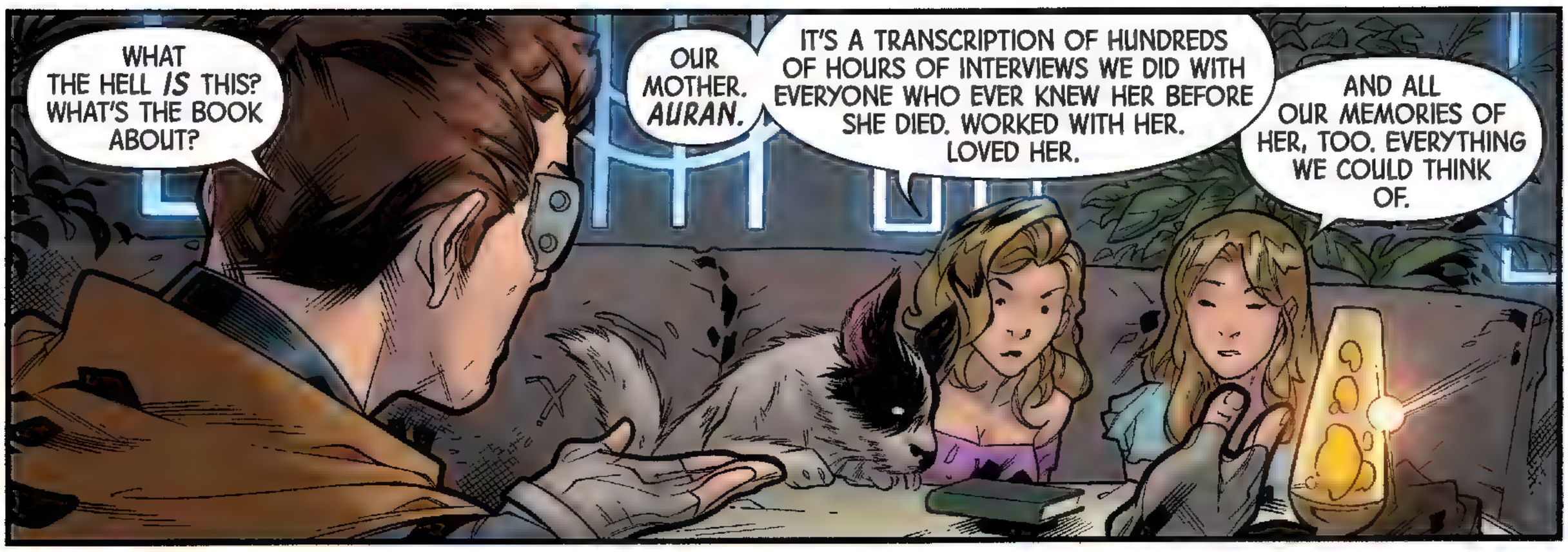
THANK YOU, READER. PERFECT. NOT A SINGLE PUNCH THROWN. CONSIDER YOUR DEBTS PAID.
MY PLEASURE, FLAGMAN. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I THINK I'LL START RACKING THEM UP AGAIN.

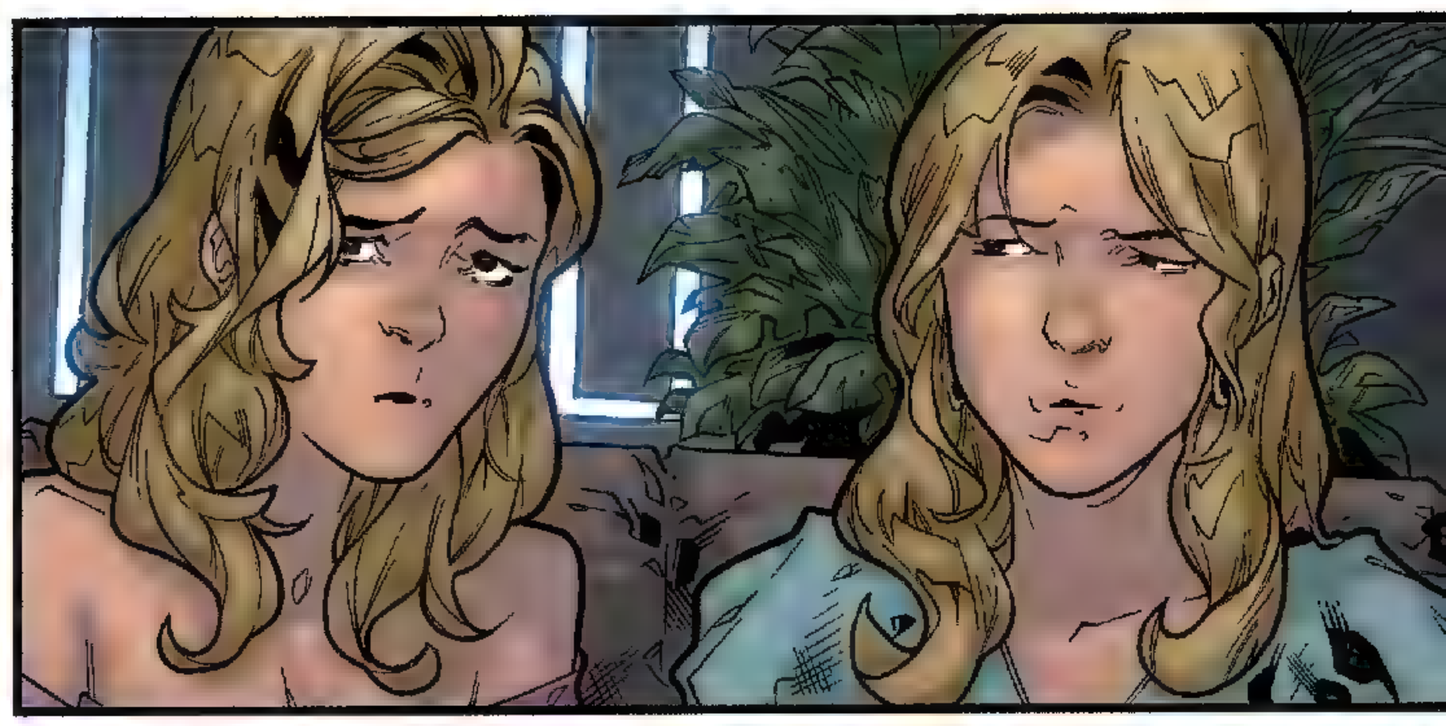

SO... ABOUT THAT SHOW DOWNTOWN?

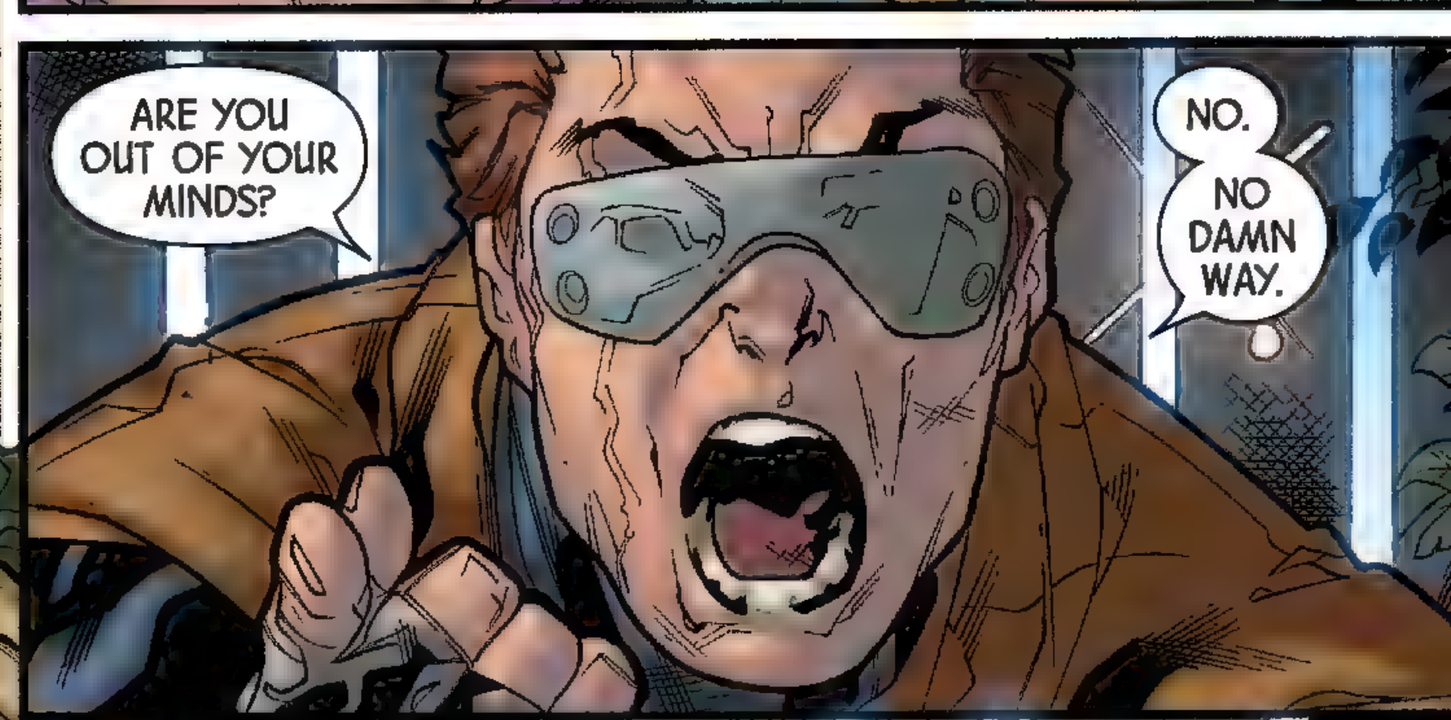

OH, I DUNNO, READER-- WE JUST *GOT* HERE.
TRESTE? WHERE THE HELL IS *ANNE?*
SHE GOT BORED AND WANDERED OFF. ANYWAY, WE'RE AT LEAST *TWICE* AS INTERESTING AS SHE IS.
"WE'RE"? WHO ELSE IS WITH YOU?
IRELLE. AND READER...
...WE NEED A FAVOR.
THNK

ALL RIGHT, FRANK, ENOUGH MOPING AROUND. PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER.
TRESTE? IRELLE? YOU GIRLS STILL AROUND?
WHAT THE *HELL?*
SOME KIND OF *PRINTER,* MAYBE? TRANSCRIBING HER INTERVIEWS?
OH, *NO.*

I'M GUESSING THIS FAVOR HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHATEVER YOU DRAMATICALLY THUNKED DOWN BACK THERE ON THE BAR.
IT DOES.
YOU KNOW I CAN'T SEE, RIGHT? SO MAYBE YOU SHOULD TELL ME WHAT YOU DRAMATICALLY THUNKED DOWN BACK THERE ON THE BAR?
IT'S A *BOOK*, READER.
HMM. MOST BOOKS DON'T DO ME MUCH GOOD. UNLESS YOU'RE PLANNING TO READ IT TO ME. THAT DOESN'T TRIGGER MY POWERS.
AUDIOBOOKS EITHER, THANK GOD. DON'T REALLY KNOW WHY.
YOU CAN READ THIS ONE. IT'S *BRAILLE*.
KEEP THAT THING *AWAY* FROM ME!
YOU GUYS KNOW HOW MY POWER WORKS. WHAT IF I'D READ A WORD BY ACCIDENT-- *ANYTHING* COULD HAVE HAPPENED!
WE KNOW, READER. WE *WANT* YOU TO READ IT. THAT'S THE FAVOR.
PLEASE, WILL YOU DO IT?







GUESS YOU FORGOT THE TIME I HELPED YOU BRING BACK THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN YOUR LIFE, HUH?

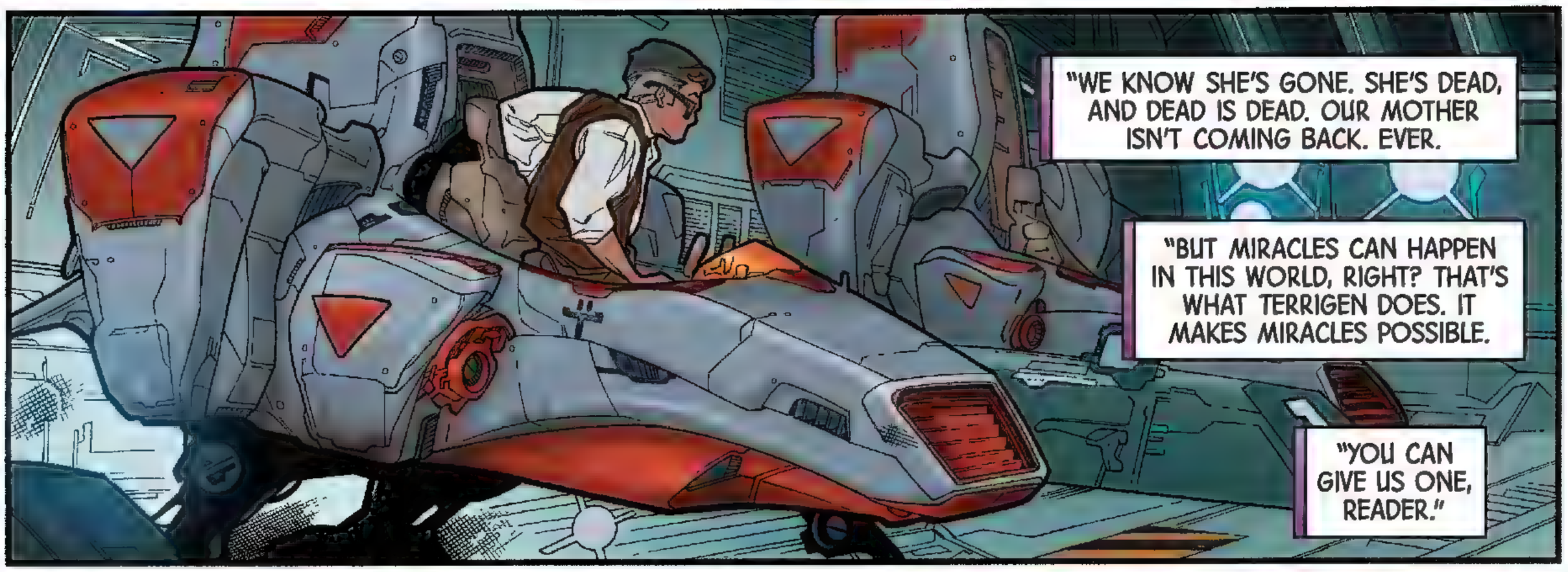
DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU OWED ME AFTER I HELPED YOU SAVE FOREY HERE? WITHOUT ME, HE'D BE *GONE.**

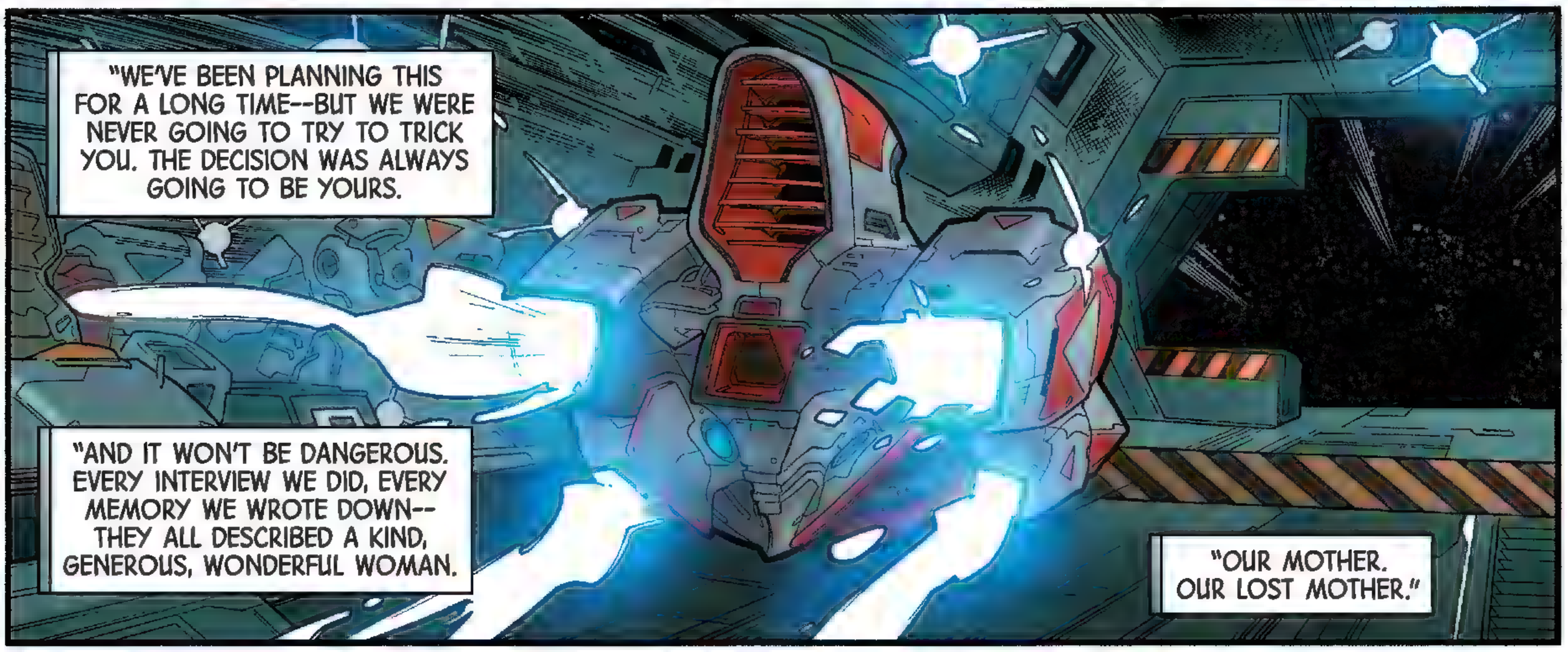
YOU *OWE* ME, READER, AND I'M CALLING IT IN.

PLEASE. JUST LET US EXPLAIN WHY WE WANT TO DO THIS.

*SEE *UNCANNY INHUMANS* #10. --WIL

"WE NEVER GOT TO SAY GOODBYE, READER.
"SHE LEFT FOR WORK ONE MORNING AND NEVER CAME HOME. FRANK McGEE CAME AND TOLD US THAT SHE'D DIED."


"WE KNOW SHE'S GONE. SHE'S DEAD, AND DEAD IS DEAD. OUR MOTHER ISN'T COMING BACK. EVER.
"BUT MIRACLES CAN HAPPEN IN THIS WORLD, RIGHT? THAT'S WHAT TERRIGEN DOES. IT MAKES MIRACLES POSSIBLE.
"YOU CAN GIVE US ONE, READER."


"WE'VE BEEN PLANNING THIS FOR A LONG TIME--BUT WE WERE NEVER GOING TO TRY TO TRICK YOU. THE DECISION WAS ALWAYS GOING TO BE YOURS.
"AND IT WON'T BE DANGEROUS. EVERY INTERVIEW WE DID, EVERY MEMORY WE WROTE DOWN--THEY ALL DESCRIBED A KIND, GENEROUS, WONDERFUL WOMAN.
"OUR MOTHER. OUR LOST MOTHER."

"IF YOU DON'T WANT TO HELP US, THAT'S YOUR CALL, BUT LET ME TELL YOU ONE LAST THING.
"THAT MORNING--THE LAST MORNING--SHE TRIED TO KISS ME GOODBYE. I WOULDN'T LET HER. I WAS MAD ABOUT SOMETHING.
"I THINK ABOUT THAT EVERY MINUTE OF EVERY DAY. THAT'S ALL I WANT. JUST TO LET HER KISS ME GOODBYE."

YOU KNOW IT WOULDN'T BE *HER*, RIGHT?
EVEN IF READING THIS BOOK DOES MANIFEST SOMETHING, IT WILL JUST BE THE SUM OF OTHER PEOPLE'S MEMORIES OF AURAN. BUT WE'RE ALL MORE THAN THAT. WE'RE *OURSELVES*, TOO.
PLEASE, READER. THIS IS ALL WE CAN GET.
I BET YOU'D DO IT IF IT WAS *FOREY*.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I HAVEN'T?
ALL RIGHT.

GRAND CENTRAL STATION.
MOVE!
HEY, FELLA, YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT YOUR TURN LIKE EVERYBODY ELS--
I'M THE HEAD OF SECURITY FOR NEW ATTILAN, YOU IDIOT! GET THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY!
FLAGMAN!
EASY ON THE FABRIC, McGEE! WHERE'S THE FIRE?
IS READER HERE? HAVE YOU SEEN TRESTE OR IRELLE?
TALK TO ME, MAN!
SURE, FRANK. THEY WERE JUST HERE. WENT INTO THE BACK. BUT YOU GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. READER WOULD NEVER--
HOPE TO HELL YOU'RE RIGHT.

MOTHER? IS THAT YOU?
IT'S *US*, MOM. YOUR DAUGHTERS.
EASY, GIRLS--STAY BACK. I'M NOT SURE THIS--
PLEASE, DON'T TELL ME I'M TOO--
OH, GOD.

STOP STOP
STOP STOP
STOP!!
TO BE CONTINUED...

IN TWO WEEKS
"A SONG OF ENDINGS"
CONTINUES IN
UNCANNY INHUMANS #16!

AND DON'T MISS THE PRELUDE TO
IVX
IN
IVX #0!

ZONE